



Afraid



38 6 3

Chapter 1 by Magdalene

I'm scared.

Chapter 2 by -



Of the outside world. I have been shut up inside all my life. Crammed like a pack of sardines. I have had no interactions with anyone except the person who brings me food through a small port hole.

It is musky and damp. I am sick of smelling my own excrement. I am tired of not being able to stand. I am fearful of what will come tomorrow.

Because tomorrow I will be let out. I was told that on my sixteenth birthday, I would be free. I would be a woman of the world. No longer trapped behind cement walls.

After all these years of waiting, of hoping, I am afraid of the unknown world. Of what it will bring.

Chapter 3 by Vanilla



I'm scared that I was not taught how to live.

It's like leaving a nestling without teaching it to fledge.

They believe it will make us stronger; independent. Is there a difference?

Yes. I'll be independent, but weak. I'm too nervous to think about tomorrow.

If you might be thinking, we are called the Callows. We stay with our parent till the age of 14,

after which we are kept alone, to be surrounded only by books and physical games. To make us a proper Adult. I totally disagree with this. It is to rebel against.

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surroundings have a plus point for tranquillity.

I'm shaken awake by the same old bearded man, whose age has been forgotten by me. I don't care. I'm just anxious, but excited too. I haven't seen the sun for a while. More than a while. Two years.

As I creep out of the long, disturbing hole, the golden lights greets me. I remember now, it's blinding to look at the sun. I don't know why I disliked this warm, fuzzy feeling before.

Someone calls me, "Alina!"

Chapter 4 by Magdalene



I spin around and see a person. Just like me. Maybe a little taller and . . . I think what they call male.

"Hello?" I ask in a shaky voice, obviously giving away that I hadn't been out in the real world.

"You . . . you're different than I imagined." He walks up and studies my face curiously.

"Who are you?" I fearfully reply, looking back at the bearded man and then at the boy's face again, "How do you know me?"

His smile goes down a notch, "We talked through the vents."

I stare at him and then backs away a little, remembering. Bryson. We had talked in quiet voices at night about some books we read, what we would do when we had gotten out into the real world. Then, two years ago, he had left me. His voice disappeared and I was lonely again.

"You left me." I murmur and turn around, ignoring his sorry's, "I'm going to find my family." I went back to the side of the bearded man and we began walking towards our city. Our. Mine. Me. I'm here. Change.

My family consists of a mother, a father, and a perfect eighteen-year-old sister, Maya. I have a twelve-year-old brother still in the "Trials." they call it. Ha, staying somewhere alone . . . trials. Bryson scares me. Maya told me that he is a wanted criminal for murders and tyranny. After I heard that, I ran up to my room, scared, but just to find a note wedged under the window sill.

"Meet me at the park at twelve tonight. I want to show you something."

"B, T."

"Bryson Thatcher." Maya says, "I'm not sure if he wants and come back. Tell me. We can find him."

I stare at her and tears come up into my eyes. "No." I sniff. "I'm afraid."

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